The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1801.

EXTRACTS.

STERNE'S LEGACY.

THE writings of Sterne have been juſtly cenſured, on account of the levity they contained; the following anecdote, however, is highly creditable to the character of that celebrated ſentimentaliſt.

After he had been inducted to the valuable living of Coxwold, in Yorkſhire, on the preſentation of the late Earl of Fauconberg, a poor widow, of moſt unblemiſhed character, being at the point of death, expreſſed a wiſh to receive the holy ſacrament in her laſt moments. The ſentimental paſtor was accordingly ſent for; Sterne inſtantly obeyed the ſummons; and, the ſolemn ceremony being ended, he ſaid with a moſt benignant ſmile—"What do you intend to leave me in your will, for this trouble?"—"Alas! Sir," replied the dying woman, "I am too poor to give the ſmalleſt legacy even to my neareſt relations."—"That excuſe," cried Sterne, "ſhall not ſerve me; I muſt inſiſt on inheriting your two children; and, in return for this requeſt, I will take ſuch care of them, that they ſhall feel as little as poſſible the loſs of an affectionate and worthy mother."

She expired bleſſing the benevolent deed, and Sterne moſt religiouſly kept his promiſe.

How few are there who approach the deathbed, ſolicitous for ſuch legacies!

LUCILLA.

———THE conſcious bluſh crimſoned her countenance, ſhe ſtarted as ſhe ſaw me. Lucilla, ſaid I——ſir, returned the unhappy fair—Alas! I knew thee in better days—thy voice was muſic to the ear—thy wit, the theme of every tongue. How is thine aſpect altered! the ſparkling eye hath loſt its fires—the roſes are faded—the lily is a ſallow p le—What mighty misfortunes have deſtroyed thee? Where is the cruel invader of thy peace? She ſighed bitterly—the reply was candid like herſelf—The attentions of Altamont you well know—He came from a diſtant ſtate, and bare me triumphant from all his compeers. A few months poſſeſſion ſickened on his ſoul. Perdita ſpread the ſnare of deſtruction—Altamont entered her toils, and has left me to weep.

Depreſt by too much ſenſibility of feeling, ſorrow hath been drowned in factious ſpirits—I have not the fortitude to reſiſt—Pity, Oh p'ty me my friend—Yes! tendereſt pity ſhall be thine. I know thy parents, Lucilla, they ſhall forgive the errors of humanity, and claſp the returned prodigal to their beating boſoms. A gleam of joy illumed her features—it was tranſient as the colours of the bow. The remembrance of home was a dagger—it pointed to her heart---Lucilla fainted---She awoke not again---Peace be to thy ſoul---the duſt ſhall lay light o'er thy errors---the tomb-ſtone record the virtues, yes! many were the inmates of the once virtuous Lucilla.———

A COMBAT *between* LAW *and* PHYSIC.

DOCTOR Sanders, ſome time ſince, going to his country ſeat in his carriage, was delayed by a turnpike man, who refuſed to take the ſixpence rendered, ſaying "It was a bad one." The Doctor looking at it again, would have that it was good, and upon the fellow's perſiſting bade his man to drive on. The turnpike man inſtantly ſeized the horſe's reins, when the coachman whipped him moſt unmercifully, till he was obliged to let go his hold. Doctor S. being known, an action was immediately commenced, but put aſide in two courts by the eloquence or intereſt of the defendant. However it was inſtantly renewed in another againſt the coachman, and not againſt the Doctor. Here the plaintiff obtained a verdict of 30l. damages, and caſt the defendant in coſts of ſuit. But, when he came to Dr. S. thinking he would pay for his ſervant,

he found unfortunately for him, that the coachman, having fallen sick whilst the action was pending, had been put under the care of——, a friend of his master's in Guy's hospital who had put him safe under the ground three days before! Thus physic got the better of law.

The forcible language and bold representation of the effects of Disappointed Love, strike the reader in so impressive a manner, that I am confident the following cannot fail to please my subscribers generally——it is

FROM THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

FELL darkness rules! 'tis dreary as the tomb!
And melancholy claims her wonted reign,
Dim fleeting visions sweep the horrid gloom,
Nor sound is heard along the distant plain.

Save from the ruins of yon mould'ring tow'r,
That, nodding, totters to the passing breeze,
The lonely owl disturbs the solemn hour,
The boding raven screams among the trees.

The weary ploughman's ta'en him to his rest,
And sleeps contented in his humble state,
No care corroding rankles in his breast,
He envies not the grandeur of the great.

The dawn of morn recalls him to his toil,
A virtuous wife his homely food prepares,
His lovely infants greet him with a smile—
For them are all his labors—all his cares.

Far other thoughts my woe-worn breast engage:
Not the rude pastimes of the joyful hind
Not all the pomp of grandeur can assuage
The poignant anguish of a wounded mind.

Fled are the joys that once my bosom fir'd,
Faded the bloom that once those cheeks adorn'd,
Blasted the hopes my youthful breast inspir'd,
The smiles of love to frowns unbidden turn'd.

Oh earth! thou art to me a very hell;
Burst are the sacred ties of mutual love:
Go, virtuous man, if such below there dwell!
Go—seek them with thy father God above.

Oh! had I never view'd ELIZA's form!
Or banish'd from my thoughts the lovely fair,
Then I had never known the blasting storm
That drives me to the rashness of despair.

The gaily world can boast no charms for me,
Nor can the shew of faithless friends delight
From pangs like these I'll set my bosom free,
And rush to regions of eternal night!

Can I a lovely sister's calls withstand,
Should I not live to wipe misfortune's tears,
Will not a tender father's voice demand
That I should cherish his declining years?

Can I a dying mother's couch forego,
Forget the splendor of my present state,
And turn the house of merriment to woe
With the sad tale of my unhappy fate?

Reason to me has lost the wonted charm,
The ties of nature lose their soft control;
Nor can Religion's soothing voice disarm
The cool delib'rate purpose of my soul.

Curse on the world distraction fires my brain,
Rage chills each nerve, and boils thro' ev'ry part;
Come friendly draught, and ease this furious pain,
Thou last sad comfort of a broken heart.

'Tis done! now let the son of pleasure rail,
Unus'd to mis'ry's pangs his firmness boast,
Soon shall the vital pow'r of action fail,
Soon shall I reach Eternity's vast coast.

Father of Mercy! smile from the throne of Heav'n,
Drive from my guilty breast those foul alarms;
Oh! let this deed of rashness be forgiv'n,
And take a wretched suppliant to thy arms.

Protect ELIZA—ha! what would I say!
'Twas she that drove me to the deed of death!
My soul recoils—for her I cannot pray,
But curse her mem'ry with my dying breath.

Blasted that beauteous form that lovers prize,
May poverty's hard hand oppressive grind;
May all the pangs of retrospection rise,
And dreams of horror nightly tear her mind.

Curb thy foul tongue, nor blast the matchless worth
Of her whom Heav'n to thy arms denied,
Shortly within the silent tomb of earth
Shall the warm passions of thy breast subside.

Sometime, perhaps, unconscious where she trod,
As through the drear church yard she bends her way,
Her foot may lightly press the rising sod,
No pompous tomb stone marking where I lay.

Cherish her Heav'n! with everlasting love,
Revoke the heavy curses of my soul;
May she the joys of wedded virtue prove,
And all her days in sweet contentment roll.

The poison works, and fades the flattering light—
Tremble my limbs—hark! yonder passing bell;
I go—my struggling spirit takes its flight,
The spectre beckons me ---a last farewell!

HUMBLE CONFESSION IN A COAL PIT.

A HUMOROUS ADVENTURE.

A PERSON, lately resident near Whitehaven, having one evening sacrificed a little too freely to the jolly God, in a visit to a few of his old neighbors, took his departure for home at a very late (or rather early) hour in the morning:—Having about three miles to walk, and very

often losing the balance of power ere he had attained half the way, at last he fell near the mouth of a coal-pit, about half a mile from his house; here the leaden hand of Morpheus lay so heavily upon him, that he soon forgot his danger and himself in a sound sleep;—Not long had he lain there, before the black gentlemen of the pit arrived, to resume their daily task;—these wicked wags, (four or five in number) soon agreed to fasten the sleeping visitant to their basket, and introduce him to their infernal regions—This was done with all possible safety, and he was landed in the subterraneous regions: A figure of a black, ugly boy was placed by his side to watch him closely when he should awake; which, when he did, and opened his eyes upon the object, produced an effect upon his mind, body and face, that emphatically declared, (for he was speechless with horror, he thought himself really among the damned—and that this lad was no more nor less than one of the devil's imps.—As soon as he was fairly awake, the sweat running from his brow with horror—the lad exclaimed:—Oh! what you're come at last, are you? Aye, aye, I'll fetch my master the cawd one, to you. Accordingly the lad ran, and soon brought, not one, but four or five old ones, who burst forth, with horrid dissonant voices, Oh! what, he's here, is he?—aye—we've been expecting him this long time past! Come, come, confess your sins directly—or else you go into a fire in a moment:——Here they produced a black book, in which they pretended to register what he should confess. As soon as he could speak, he begged for God's sake that they would have mercy on him, and he would tell all his offences—though he solemnly declared they were very few. He then said, that he had got drunk with some friends in Salford, and fell asleep on his way home, when he supposed that a cart had gone over him and killed him. Aye, aye, that we know very well, roared the demons—but your sins, your sins! Why, cries the trembling culprit, 'tis true I did once steal a pig. A pig, say you? Well, come, as it was one of the swinish multitude, we'll forgive him for that. But what else? Why I once did rob old Mary ——— s garden of some of her codlings. Well, but says Belzebub the chief, what female connections have you had? Have you never ruined and wenches? No, heaven knows I never have: 'tis true, I courted a young woman, but who turned out nought, or I would have married her. Who was she, cried the leading fiend.—Her name was Peggy ———. Here three of the black gentlemen burst out into a roar of laughter—but the leading one, who put the question, was chapfallen—as honest Peggy turned out to be no other than his own dearly beloved wife—It is unnecessary to add, that the culprit was again basketed, and restored to the light of heaven, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties.

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

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But while I exculpate my hero from improper assurance, the drinking of the champaign must be briefly accounted for. Smith had dined at the well known Brush tavern, (whose respectable high spirited landlord, wants not the praise of a poor author;) the day was a day of great note, and after the bill had been paid, Mr. Wicks, with his accustomed liberality, had begged the company's acceptance of a few bottles of champaign. Smith, as one of the party had of course come in for a share; and though he drank but a few glasses, yet the powerful effects of that mirth-inspiring liquor, after what he had drank before, was enough to scatter abroad all cool deliberate thought. The fair damsel had been somewhat surprised at the unusual boldness of the youth; but as the utmost delicacy was blended with it, and as neither the subject nor himself were ungrateful, the hasty introduction of it was almost forgotten. When Smith arose the next morning, and recollected the circumstances of the preceeding evening, he was heartily sorry for the part he had acted; he feared, lest his ill timed and rash declaration had prejudiced his mistress against him; and without scruple he condemned and lamented his conduct concerning Dick, for whom he was very anxious, and to whom he instantly departed. If getting drunk raises the spirits, getting sober equally depresses them. The man who drinks to raise his courage, is like the man who mounts a steeple to fly, they both arrive at the wished for pitch; but by every struggle afterwards, instead of soaring higher, they sink themselves down to their original level. Our hero found Dick in his bed, but only restrained there by being told it was particularly enjoined by the gentleman, that he should not rise till he came in the morning; for such had been the orders that Mr. Smith had left in the evening. To our youth's warm enquiries he found he was perfectly well, and had slept sound all night; the surgeon corroborated the same, but on account of the bleeding, thought it better for him to stay one day more before he returned into Wiltshire: this was agreed to, and Smith determined to remain himself that day at Bristol, and go to Wales on the following. He was in hopes, since the ice was broke, of another interview with Miss Modeley, that he might excuse his boldness of the preceding night; that he might apologize, be pardoned, and offend again in the same manner;—all pretty things, and which naturally follow one another in the progress of love. When Smith returned back to the tavern, he found Sir Harry in the coffee-room; they breakfasted together, and the Baronet, of his own accord, offered to take him to Mr. Modeley's residence, which he found was at the Hot-wells. "You are surprised, Smith," said he, "at my intimacy in the family, but you must know we call cousins, and I shall be happy to rank you among the number; so come along, my boy." As Mr. Modeley and Sir Sandy Simeon Swain, did not press for a long continuance of their visitors' company, their stay was not very long; our hero embraced the opportunity of a few minutes to apologize for his abrupt address of the former evening, but again declared, no earthly power should ever change his affections. His fair mistress looked not displeased, and he took his leave with the flattering hope, that propitious Fortune would, some day or other, turn her wheel round in his favour. The next morning, having said farewell to Sir Harry, he set off for the New Passage in his way to Glamorganshire. Dick also prepared to return into Wiltshire at the same time, carrying with him greater and more lasting marks of generosity, than he did of the impetuosity of his young master's disposition; while the Brute was so materially hurt by his rencontre, that after a tedious illness he became an inhabitant of the poor house for life. Smith arrived the same evening at the Castle of St Donats, and was very affectionately received by Mr. Freeman. It was now that our youth related to that gentleman the great effects, the charms of Miss

Modeley had made upon him; and he told, without reserve, his conduct at Brittol, and the consequences thereof. Mr. Freeman cautioned him not to be hasty and impetuous in the affair; & perceiving the strong impression the fair maid had implanted in his mind, he left it to time to show the very little probability there was of its ever taking place. Mr. Freeman had a deep knowledge of the human heart; he knew little checks and impediments only set the object on with fresh vigour; and he foresaw the many chances that were likely to intervene against any alliance ever taking place at a distant period, between a young portionless lad, who had just entered at the University, and a beautiful rich heiress in her sixteenth year. Youth may be the season for love, but it is not the season for waiting; delay, to young people, is nearly the same as disappointment; and expectation, with them, is the moment after the present.

CHAP. XV.

"But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can;
The few that glare each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark."

POPE.

OUR hero now enters upon a new stage; no longer under the immediate care and direction of any one, he acts for himself, and is sole master of his own conduct. How many parents send their children to the University, totally ignorant of their situation; how many young men arrive here as unconscious of their liberty, as if the age of childhood was to last forever! a young man, who has been educated in the paths of virtue, and the moment he is let loose, flies into the high road of vice, must be of a bad and untoward disposition indeed. Few are so very depraved, and again there are few so virtuously disposed, as not to yield, more or less, to the encroaching habits of vice. So many things may be remarked upon the subject of dissipation, that for the present I drop it entirely, with saying that after all the abusive things, which the false satire of a Churchill and others, who have been refused their degrees, have thought proper to direct against the Universities, they cannot deny them the same kind of merit, which the Papists give to their purgatory; "Preparing them gradually for the state they are going into."

At the time intended, Smith went to Oxford. Here all was new to him: he was become his own director, but he was happily blest with all that knowledge, which the experience and clear judgment of another could give. Lord Edward went at the same time; Smith received the studentship, and by his friend's kind introduction, their acquaintance were the same; and it will be needless to say, of the very first stamp. Nor from the common habits of life had our hero reason to fear any particular extravagance on that account; and the best company, it should be remembered, is very rarely the most expensive; it is that kind of company that wishes to be thought superior; such as are dashing fellows, who, not having the qualifications necessary to make themselves respectable for their intrinsic worth, endeavour to ape and excel in those accomplishments more easily to be attained, of great expences' show, noise, and notoriety of any kind: —the Nominals, Goldfinches, and so forth of the day. *A name* is to be got by some means or other; if the world will not give them a good one, they are determined to get themselves a bad one. There was too much of this ambition inherent in our hero, though he had abilities and virtues sufficient not to play the fool to be noticed. Among Smith's acquaintance was a Mr. Wittle, a schoolfellow of Lord Edward, a man of strange humour and eccentricity of character, particularly in a habit of punning, which by constant practice had so gained upon him, that he rarely attempted to speak unless he had a pun, or a joke ready. Another acquaintance of the name of Symms, was a man of considerable property in Devonshire; his father was a man of the first eminence in the law; but the son had a fortune left him by his godfather, and had taken the name Symms by order of the will. He had been brought up independent of his father, and had commenced his own guide at a very early age; this had occasioned him to neglect the more learned studies of the gentleman; and his natural genius, not conducted to any good, had degenerated into an astonishing talent for mimickry. You might see him in company for hours together, without his speaking a word; but when the company were departed, he would, at the request of any of his intimate acquaintance, immediately adopt the peculiarities of each individual. He was famous also for his agility, and was an excellent horseman; in short, Nature seemed to intend him for a merry Andrew; but Chance, who thwarts the best intentions of the Goddess, had given him six thousand a year, and a borough for two members of Parliament the moment he came of age. The rest of Smith's acquaintance, not before mentioned, were of too general a stamp to be particularly noticed at present. Smith had scarcely resided at Oxford a week, before he received a letter, inclosing a bank note for one hundred pounds, with these lines: "The person, Sir, who sent you this, is perfectly acquainted with your present and former circumstances and situation; and suppose the enclosed, which can be easily spared, may not be unacceptable at your entrance at the University. Any attempt to discover the donor must be needless, troublesome, and fruitless." It was in vain the youth racked his brains by guessing at the author; he went over the whole circle of his friends and acquaintance; every conjecture soo fell to the ground. When he returned to St. Donats at Christmas, he informed Mr. Freeman of the gift, who was equally at a loss to account for it. Smith did not leave college again till after the long vacation; his friend Lord Edward accompanied him into Wales, and then went with his father over to Ireland, where the Duke had a large property, and had not been for many years. When he arrived at St. Donats, he found a London party had taken lodgings for the summer months; a respectable tradesman and his wife, who had retired from business, and a maiden lady of their acquaintance about forty, who had been left an handsome fortune by a distant relation, to whom she had been a nurse under the name of house keeper. They arrived but a few days before Smith, and were in raptures with the spot. The novelty of the sea, with the grand and awful cliff upon which the castle stood, inspired them at first with a kind of awe, which they mistook for the height of pleasure. Mr. Maiber had been in youth a great coxcomb, and his grey heirs, which were become as white as snow, (though only in his fifty fifth year) had not entirely divested him of his conceit and frivolity. His lady about his own age, wished to be thought ten years younger; she had read, all her life, the novels and romances of the

day, and had imbibed great ideas from this fashionable, romantic excursion. Miss Streit, the maiden lady, had been, ever since her twentieth year, in attendance on her late cousin, who at last died at the advanced age of eighty; she therefore joined in this party, because she was told it was pleasure, a thing she had been in search of ever since the death of her relation, and to which (vain shadow) she had sacrificed the peace and comfort she before enjoyed.

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MODE OF COURTSHIP IN GREENLAND.

It is generally observed, that women enter into matrimony with more willingness, and less anxious care and solicitude, than men, for which many reasons arise. The women of Greenland are, however, in many cases, an exemption to this general rule. A Greenlander, having fixed his affection, acquaints his parents with it, and they acquaint the parents of the girl. Upon this, two female negociators are sent to her, who, lest they should shock her delicacy, do not enter directly on the subject of their embassy, but launch out in praises of the lover they mean to recommend, of his house, his furniture, and whatever else belongs to him; but they dwell most particularly on his dexterity in catching seals. She, pretending to be affronted, runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires. After this the two females having gained a tacit consent from her parents, search for her, and, on discovering her lurking place, drag her by force to the house of her lover, and there leave her. For some days she sits with dishevelled hair, silent and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, and at last if kind entreaties cannot prevail upon her, she is compelled by force, and even by blows, to complete the marriage with her husband. It sometimes happens, that when the female match makers arrive to propose a lover to a Greenland young woman, she either faints, or escapes to the uninhabited mountains, where she remains till she be discovered and carried back by some of her relations, or is forced by hunger and cold to return. In both these cases, she previously cuts off her hair, which is an infallible indication that she is determined never to marry.

This peculiar disposition of the Greenland women is not derived from nature, whose dictates and influence are nearly the same in all regions and climates; it proceeds from the horror which arises at the slavish and dependent state of the wives of that country; and the still more abject and dejected state of the widows. The wives, besides being obliged to do every servile office are frequently subjected to the merciless corrections of their husbands. The widows, when they have no longer a husband to hunt and fish for them, are destitute of every resource, and frequently perish of hunger. Hence matrimony, which in most places makes the condition of women more independent and comfortable, among the Greenland women render it truly wretched. No wonder, therefore, that they enter into it with so much reluctance and regret.

MAXIM. A peevish temper quarrels with the blessings it discovers with its friends, with itself, and defeats the labors of Providence for its satisfaction.

SKETCHES OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF PYTHAGORAS.

AMONG the moral maxims and precepts ascribed to Pythagoras are the following.

Virtue is divided into two branches, private and public. Private virtue respects education, silence, abstinence. The powers of the mind are, reason and passion; and when the latter is preserved in subjection to the former, virtue is prevalent. Young persons should be inured to subjection, that they may always find it easy to submit to the authority of reason. Let them be conducted into the best course of life, and habit will soon render it the most pleasant. Silence is better than idle words. A wise man will prepare himself for every thing which is not in his power. Do what you judge to be right, whatever the vulgar may think of you: if you despise their praise despise also their censure. It is inconsistent with fortitude to relinquish the station appointed by the Supreme Lord, before we obtain his permission. Sobriety is the strength of the soul, for it preserves its reason unclouded by passion. No man ought to be esteemed free, who has not the perfect command of himself. Drunkenness is a temporary phrenzy. That which is good and becoming, is rather to be pursued, than that which is pleasant. The desire of superfluity is foolish, because it knows no limits. All animal pleasures should only be enjoyed according to nature, and with sobriety. Much forethought and discretion is necessary in the production and education of children. Wisdom and virtue are our best defence; every other guard is weak and unstable. It requires much wisdom to give right names to things.

Concerning public virtue, the doctrine of Pythagoras, as it is transmitted to the present time, respects conversation, friendship, religious worship, reverence to the dead, and legislation. Upon these heads he is said to have taught thus:

Conversation should be adapted to the characters and condition of the persons with whom we converse: that discourse and behaviour which might be proper among young persons, may be exceedingly improper between the young and aged. Propriety and seasonableness are the first things to be regarded in conversation. In all society a due regard must be had to subordination. Respect is due to a worthy stranger, sometimes in preference to countrymen or relations. It is better that those who converse with you should respect you, than that they should fear you; for respect produces admiration, but fear produces hatred. It is an evident proof of a good education to be able to endure the want of it in others. Between friends, the utmost care should be taken to avoid contention, which can only be done by shunning as much as possible all occasions of strife, suppressing resentment, and exercising mutual forbearance. Reproof and correction are useful and becoming from the elder to the younger; especially when they are accompained, on the part of the reprover, with evident tokens of affection.

Mutual confidence is never for a moment to be interrupted between friends, whether in jest or earnest; for nothing can heal the wounds which are made by deceit. A friend must never be forsaken in adversity, nor for any infirmity in human nature excepting only invincible obstinacy and depravity. Before we should abandon a friend we should endeavour, by actions as well as words, to reclaim him. True friendship is a kind of union which is immortal.

The design and object of all moral precepts, is to lead men to the imitation of God. Since the Deity directs all things, every good thing is to be sought for from him alone: and nothing is to be done which is contrary to his pleasure. Whilst we are performing divine rites, piety should dwell in the mind. The gods are to be worshipped, not under such images as represent the forms of men, but by such symbols as are suitable to their nature, by simple lustrations and offerings, and with purity of heart. Gods and heroes are to be worshipped with different degrees of homage, according to their nature. Oaths are in no case to be violated.

The bodies of the dead are not to be buried. Next to gods & dæmons, the highest reverence is due to parents and legislators; and the laws and customs of our country are to be religiously observed—Thus much concerning the active or moral philosophy of Pythagoras.

GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY.

AGESILAUS, a Grecian, when on his death bed, desired that no image or monument of him should be erected; saying, "If I have done any deed worthy of remembrance, that deed will be my monument; if not, no monument can preserve my memory.

Marcus Aurelius used to say, he would not part with the little learning he had acquired for all the gold in the world; and that he had more glory from what he had read and written, than from all the victories he had won, and all the realms he had conquered.

D'Arezzo, a celebrated lawyer in the fifteenth century, purloined, with the assistance of his servant, several pieces of meat from a butcher's shop. Two of his scholars, of doubtful character, were put in prison for the theft. D'Arezzo in vain accused himself; it was thought he did so to rescue the young men. When the affair was blown over and the students set at liberty by paying a certain sum, D'Arezzo brought undoubted proofs that he had been the thief. On being asked why he committed an action so unlike himself, and of which no one would have suspected him, he replied, he did it to set in a strong light the advantage of a well established character.

ON THE AFFECTION DUE TO A MOTHER.

"MARK that parent hen," said a father to his beloved daughter, "with what anxious care doth she call together her offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings The kite hovering in the air, and, disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons!—Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its uninformed accents. In childhood she has mourned over your little griefs; has rejoiced in your innocent delights; has administered to you the healing balm of sickness; and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respect for such a mother. She merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration."

THE TREASURE.

ALMANSOR, a rich and exalted Arabian, eat, drank, gamed, and indulged himself in every species of voluptuous dissipation.—Once, when he was tormented by that irksomeness which is ever the follower of satiety, he was struck with the curious desire of visiting the sepulchre of his ancestors. He descended, and wandered between two rows of rotting bones, not with the solemn reflection that his must, one day, be mixed with them, but with the idea of a voluptuary, that it was very cool and pleasant.

Suddenly his eye was attracted by the inscription, which was half erased. It was thus:

"Here is more hidden treasure than ever possessed by Crœsus."

Almansor whose wealth was not in a small degree exhausted, had the vault immediately opened, and found a handful of dust, under which was a marble slab, containing these words:

"Ere thou, deluded mortal, with daring hand, profaned this vault, reigned here uninterrupted peace, a treasure which Crœsus never possessed.

THE WIFE's DUTY TO HER HUSBAND.

From Shakespeares "Taming of the Shrew."

FIE! fie! unknit that threatning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor,
It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry and thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance, commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land:
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the Prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will;
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving Lord?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple,
To offer war when they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies, soft and weak and smoth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts.

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor,

I AM a plain country girl, juſt arrived in your city on a viſit to a relation of mine, who, on my ſecond day's reſidence with her, inſiſted on my attending a party of young ladies, of which herſelf was one, for the purpoſe of viewing the different ſtores, and purchaſing or aſcertaining the prices of divers kinds and qualities of goods ſuitable for female dreſſes, a buſineſs better known by the term *ſhopping*. In the courſe of our rambles, I was delighted with the contents of the numerous retail dry good ſtores with which Baltimore abounds; and I ſhould be happy if I could ſay as much with reſpect to the *politeneſs* and *accommodating diſpoſition* of many of the young men who attend them; but really their *external* appearance and their words differ ſo materially, that I am ſure one of Farmer Dobbins' ſons in our neighborhood would uſe more polite and agreeable methods to attract the attention of cuſtomers to his father's granary. Why, ſir, when my couſin aſked ſome of them to ſhew her ſuch and ſuch things, they would turn up their noſes, give her a ſcowling look; and when aſked if they would take a certain price for ſome one article, which perhaps might be rather leſs than what they had demanded, ſhe was ſure to be anſwered in a grumbling tone, that "*if ſhe did not like it ſhe might let it alone!*" And indeed, I obſerved, that our whole company had individually, at ſome one place or another, received ſimilar treatment. This, however, is not the only fault I have to find with this deſcription of young men, for where they do not behave in the manner before deſcribed, they are frequently *officiouſly impertinent*—with their 'certainly ma'am'—'I aſſure you, miſs'—'pon honor, miſs, it coſt us more, but as you are a friend of miſs D——'s, you ſhall have it at your own price,' &c. and ſometimes 'do you fancy *theſe* here, miſs,' or *theſe* there, ma'am;' ſo that indeed, indeed, ſir, it is enough to throw a perſon of a delicate conſtitution into the vapours, but thank heaven, my frame is pretty ſubſtantial, elſe I think I never ſhould have reached home alive. I hope the young gentlemen will not be offended with theſe remarks, as they proceed from the beſt intentions in the world; and I declare to you, ſir, that were they to diveſt themſelves of their ſupercilioufneſs and garrulity, they might render themſelves perfectly agreeable. You muſt obſerve, Mr. Editor, that what I have ſaid is to be taken in a general way, and conſequently admits of exceptions.

SARAH GOOSEBERRY.

Calvert-ſtreet, Jan. 6, 1801.

Baltimore.

To whomsoever it may concern.

I AM ever ſorry to intrude on the patience of my readers, ſubjects or remarks which do not tend to their inſtruction or amuſement; yet when I am pointedly attacked by a peſt to ſociety, I truſt I may be permitted to ſtep aſide from the accuſtomed courſe, and return on the head of the aggreſſor the envenomed arrow aimed at my own—In the preſent inſtance, I claim this indulgence on account of the late attack made by ALEXANDER MARTIN againſt the "*Baltimore Weekly Magazine.*"—This Martin, ſome ſhort time previous to the appearance of the firſt number of this work, "*puffed me off*" (to uſe his own phraſe) in the "American," ſomewhat in the ſame manner as he complimented Mr. Prentiſs on Saturday laſt, and yet his fulſome praiſe had not got vent more than a day, before I perceived its baleful effects—like a peſtilential blaſt it had nearly ſuppreſſed the expected encouragement, for many conceived that the perſon who could be held up for eſtimation by Alexander Martin, was unworthy their ſupport; thus (fortunately in time) I found that his *praiſe* was *ſlander*—and his *ſlander, praiſe!*—conſequently I have to congratulate myſelf in ſome meaſure on the appearance of his impertinent and inſulting remarks. I envy not Mr. Prentiſs—yet I think that his own merit ſhould bring him into notice, and not the pitiful abuſe aimed at me by Mr. Martin.

Hereafter I hope the editor of the "American" will confine himſelf within the bounds of decency, for I do not wiſh again to touch on ſuch a *trifling ſubject*—at leaſt not in the *Baltimore Weekly Magazine.*

JOHN B. COLVIN.

To Correſpondents.

"Jim Crack," has been received, but for fear of his making too much noiſe is omitted.

"Puella" is deſired to explain preciſely the meaning of her 'ſimple hint.'

If 'a Correſpondent' will continue to favor me with his productions, I ſhall eſteem it a particular favor.

What has become of my valued correſpondent E. O.? Reſts he inactive in the ſhades of retirement? Would that I could call his genius forth.

Perſons deſirous of communicating their productions for inſertion, are reſpectfully informed that there is a Letter-Box attached to the door of this office in Gay-ſt. for their reception

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

WITH great deference to the ſuperior judgement of that pigmy, pitiful, peeviſh, puny, peſtering, punning, pragmatical printer *Alexander Martin*, I take the liberty of offering you a ſpecimen of *my* "ſportive fancy," whilſt at the ſame time I put in my claim to the title of a poet, in oppoſition to the hero of *tiny* ALICK, the *Lilliputian*.

ALAS! POOR JENNY KNIGHT!

OH! how ſhall my weak muſe's pen expreſs,
Or paint in colors true the talents bright,
Or ſhew the genius of *us* men of verſe,
Myſelf and *Author* of that heavenly ſlight,
Recently publiſh'd—"joyful Jenny Knight."

Deſcend great ſhade of Milton from above,
And aid my muſe ſublimely great to write,
For nothing leſs than Milton will he prove—
(He who in priſon wrote without his ſight)
That can pretend to vie with "Jenny Knight."

Ye heav'n born Nine that form each poet's thought,
And lead him through his fancy's boundleſs flight,
In vain thy aid have I implor'd and ſought,
In vain have pray'd the competence to write
So *ſmooth* a tale as "*joyleſs* Jenny Knight."

In it methinks the learned and ſublime
Steal on the ſenſe of all who get a ſight,
Of that *ſad* tale—ſpun out in lengthy rhyme,
Which ſhews an injur'd maiden's lorn plight,
And ſtrongly paints the woes of "Jenny Knight."

Such ſweet effuſions from the poet's pen,
Muſt to each reader yield a pure delight,
Nor can our city boaſt two other men,
Like you and me that can pathetic write,
So ſad a tale as that of "Jenny Knight."

Had I the power to draw of perjur'd men,
Their true characteriſtic in juſt light,
I would employ my ſhrewd poetic pen,
From peep of morn till ſhade of ſombre night,
In the *ſtrong* ſtyle of "joyleſs Jenny Knight."

Alas! my muſe grows weak in thoughts refin'd,
Scarce one more verſe can I pretend to write,
Fain would I ſtrive to captivate each mind,
And try in verſe your notice to excite,
By imitating "joyleſs Jenny Knight."

But I'm convinc'd to imitate the ſtyle,
Is more than my cramp genius can do right,
With deference I ſubmit to you the while,
And own myſelf inferior day and night,
To the bright author of poor "Jenny Knight."

INVOCATION TO PEACE.

HARK! ſtill the ſavage ſounds of war,
Float on the undulating gale,
And every gentle accent mar
That cheers the wood or charms the vale.

Deſtruction ſtill the blazing brand
O'er deſolated diſtricts waves,
While Rapine, with relentleſs hand,
From pillag'd towns rewards her ſlaves!

Germania feels, from ſhore to ſhore,
The fatal fury of the ſtorm;
Italia bleeds at every pore—
Helvetia hides her mangled form!

In vain to check the furious foe,
Oppoſing Alps their barriers raiſe,
The regions of eternal ſnow
Behold his progreſs with amaze.

The *Rhine* inur'd to ſcenes of blood,
The *Po* in poliſh'd ſtreams renown'd,
The *Danube's* deep, imperial flood,
In vain preſent a watery bound.

Onward the raging ruin ſpeeds,
And blaſts the proſpect every where—
Terror his frowning van precedes,
Unnumber'd miſchiefs mark his rear.

Mild *Peace* to yonder harraſs'd plains
Thy balm, thy bleſſings now extend;
And bind the monſter, War, in chains,
That Faction's ſtrength can never rend.

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